

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Warime
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PROSPERO'S OWN ISLAND

Millions of Ariels Longing to Be Free

**Prospero: Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship...**

Dear Prime Minister

You are the Prospero of our Island sorely tried, and the freedom of a mighty multitude of Ariels rests upon your gallant shoulders.

It is not necessary to say to you, of all the men in the world, that great empires and little minds go ill together; and yet it must be said in these grave days when all we have and are is in peril of destruction.

In the crisis which is enveloping all our lives it is the future we must think of, the Children. If they are lost the future does not count, for our Island is a wilderness.

A Mighty Inspiration

It must have thrilled you in these dark hours to see the warm response from all over the world to the Cry of the Children. There are safe homes waiting for them. The Empire's vast spaces have a noble use at last, and there is no objection to these little immigrants.

It is an uplifting thing, a mighty inspiration for our

people as they face the storm that is coming on, to think that the children may be saved. We have millions and millions of them, the brightest, healthiest, happiest generation that ever grew up in the Island, and we have the boundless spaces, the great cities, the farmlands and prairies of the Empire to send them to while bombs fall here.

A Great Word Wanted

This surely is our heaven-sent opportunity, our unparalleled good fortune. We can rob our ruthless enemy of the satisfaction it would give him to destroy our children, the future of the land he hates because it is happy and free.

We need a great word from you in this matter, Mr Prime Minister, lest all this should become another broken dream, for there are little minds at work instead of great ones. It must have been painful to our people the other day to listen to Mr Shakespeare broadcasting. A man by any other name could say small things,

but Mr Shakespeare, of all your ministers, should think greatly. Yet he is thinking of sending out to our vast Empire, to those millions of square miles, those countless homes with overflowing hearts and ever-open doors, a tiny fraction of our children, a thousand or two soon and then a few thousand more, but *not great numbers*. That, we are told, is not to be expected!

In the name of the Future of the British Empire, Why?

Are there not ships that are always going out to bring back stores for the Island, and could they not take children?

Has it been overlooked that the American people, reluctant to take life, are ever ready to save it, and that they have a great fleet idle which could be used to carry a multitude of children to that warm-hearted continent?

It is not beyond the wit of man, or beyond the powers of Mr Roosevelt, to save the childhood of our own race from Nazi fury. Let us have an end of this trifling with the destiny of those who should take our place tomorrow.

Where is Imagination?

We may send away to safety one in five hundred of our children, we are told. With a quarter of the earth at our disposal, we can send only a quarter of those who could sit comfortably in Wembley Stadium!

It is this that is perplexing the minds and disturbing the hearts of our people. Where is Imagination at this hour? Where is the guiding mind that will raise this matter from the corner of a Department and make it the vital concern of the nation?

Not in thousands but in hundreds of thousands at least we must be thinking, and then in millions. When God has a hard thing to do, says Milton, He gives it to His Englishman. We have hard things to do, God knows, but no harder business now than to keep steadfast ourselves and to save our little ones. Our Scouts and Guides will stick it with us; but these little ones in their millions can do nothing for themselves and are at the mercy of the foulest monster that ever stained the earth.

What We Save

We can at least save them, or we can try. It is not trying to say that we will save twenty thousand; it is trifling.

Not only is it the future of our race that we shall save, but will there not be many fewer mouths to feed in our

A TELEGRAM FROM EAST TO WEST

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the great poet of India, has sent this telegram to President Roosevelt:

TODAY we stand in awe before the fearfully destructive force that has so suddenly swept the world.

All our individual problems of politics are today merged into one supreme world of politics which I believe is seeking help in the United States of America as the last refuge of spiritual man, and these few lines of mine merely convey my hope, even if unnecessary, that she will not fail in her mission to stand against the universal disaster that appears so imminent.



WE ARE THE FUTURE

beleaguered Island, many fewer burdens to bear, many bitter loads of poignant grief lifted from courageous hearts?

It is worth a few minutes of your time, Mr Prime Minister, to save our country from one more sorrowful calamity. We have seen the sad processions of Refugees in the stricken countries of the world: let us

see the glad procession of our Ariels—Ariels, yes, our Couriers of Freedom. Are you not Prospero in the Island today, with all these bright Ariels longing for liberty?

Dear Prime Minister, we need a mighty word from you to urge a mighty deed.

Pray that it be spoken not too late.

Arthur Mee

For All We Have and Are

FOR all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate.
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left today
But steel and fire and stone.
Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand:

*In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.*

ONCE more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:
*No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.*
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

COMFORT, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.
Though all we made depart,
The old Commandments stand:

*In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.*

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all,
One life for each to give:
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Rudyard Kipling

From "The Years Between," published by special permission of the executrix of Mr Kipling

WHO WAS RIGHT IN THIS STORY?

THIS story has been told in Philadelphia by a lady who declares it to be true.

She was driving through beautiful country when she overtook a small Amish boy clad in characteristic costume. The Amishes are a small religious sect living in the Pennsylvania Dutch region.

The lady stopped and said, "Can I give you a lift?" and the boy replied politely:

"No, I thank you just the same; but Mom says I should never ride with strangers."

"I certainly do not want you to do anything Mom tells you not to do; and she is probably right," said the lady.

"But Mom isn't always right, and she tells me, too, that I should let my conscience be my guide," said the boy.

"And what does your conscience tell you now?"

"My conscience tells me that if

I walk all the way home, maybe I will catch a cold."

As he climbed in the lady said, "Are you sure this is all right?" and, quite positively, he said, "Yes, it is all right; I hear no inner voice."

In due time he said, "Around the next bend I live. My conscience tells me I had better get out here where Mom can't see me."

So the car stopped and the lady said, "Are you sure that was your conscience?"

"No; I ain't sure it was my conscience," he said; "but something tells me I had better get out here where Mom can't see me."

"Could that something have been the inner voice?"

"No, it ain't the inner voice."

Then, after a pause, he added, "I guess the inner voice wasn't working so good this afternoon."

As the car left him in the road he waved and called his thanks again.

DICTATORS EAST AND WEST

Stalin's New Move on the Chessboard

WHILE the two Dictators of the West were rubbing their hands with glee at their success in France, Stalin, the wily Dictator in the East, was launching an attack which will add to the security of his vast territories against those ambitious tyrants. He seized Bessarabia, together with its neighbouring district of Bukovina.

The fertile country of Bessarabia embraces 17,146 square miles from the River Dniester to the River Pruth and the most northerly of the Danube's exits into the Black Sea. Russia, therefore, has once again set foot on the banks of the second longest river in Europe, and today the most important. Whether she will renew her old imperial policy and aim at Istanbul (Constantinople) nobody can yet say, but she has undoubtedly added strength to the great defensive wall she is building from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

A Mixed Population

Bessarabia has about three million people, who include Ukrainians, Rumanians, Poles, Turks, Bulgarians, and Jews; all but some 400,000 are country folk who look after vast herds of cattle and till the rich flat fields.

Bukovina, with about a million people, is mostly in the Carpathians and embraces about 4000 square miles south of Poland. Its capital, Cernautzi, is the third biggest city in Rumania, with over 100,000 inhabitants. Bukovina is very rich in timber and has an important salt mine at Kakzyka.

Bukovina belonged to Austria before the Great War and was the scene of desperate fighting in its

early months, a British motor force distinguishing itself there.

Bessarabia, on the other hand, has already belonged to Russia, having been ceded to her at the famous Congress of Berlin, where Britain obtained Cyprus. Russia held it until the Bolshevik upheaval, when the Bessarabian Diet proclaimed itself an independent republic and called in the aid of Rumania, with which it was united in 1920 by the Allied Council in Paris, who considered that its racial affinities were Rumanian.

Rumania's Oilfields

On Russia's behalf, however, it may be claimed that her rulers have never agreed with this opinion, and Rumania, indeed, has always been more concerned with retaining the territories taken by her from Bulgaria and Hungary than with Bessarabia. Therefore she has not developed Bessarabia as much as she might have done.

At any rate, this rich country falls into the hands of Stalin and not of Hitler, and it may be that Stalin has made this move in order to be closer to the oilfields of Rumania, which are now over 100 miles nearer the Russian boundary.

Stalin is making ready against the day when the Dictators, thwarted in the West, turn East. It is not likely that they will have much strength left for new wars when they have lost this, but Russia is running no risks, and, while the rival Dictatorships rush headlong to ruin, she moves slowly as opportunity arises and looks to her walls. There is no love to be lost between these swaggering claimants to the lordship of the earth.

This Fortress

By an East Coast Yorkshireman

NEVER in our rough island story have we been threatened by an enemy so powerful and determined as now. After hurling his armies into country after country, Hitler has turned fiercely upon his last and bitterest foe.

When the Germans marched into Paris our hearts almost failed us. When, after a desperate but altogether unequal struggle, the French asked for an armistice it seemed as if all hope were gone.

Slowly we began to realise that all hope was not gone, that the means of carrying on the war were not exhausted. The French ramparts of defence had been broken through by the enemy, but our own coast remained. To some of us it was almost a shock that this England was in very truth what Shakespeare long ago called her, "a fortress built by Nature for herself against infection and the hand of war." But once we thought of it in this way our spirits rose. We were encouraged to feel that our little land might yet prove the undoing of our implacable foe.

Since that hour we have thrilled at the stirring part this Island is playing in the shaping of a new world order. All the might of Germany is arraigned against us. Her ships and men, her planes and guns and tanks are now pitted against this royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle. We know better than to expect mercy.

We may be sure the enemy will attack with all his might, and as craftily as he knows how. We may

be sure that we shall be called on to endure much suffering. We may be sure that many things long cherished here will be destroyed, and that often we shall receive grave injury. But we may also be sure that we shall stand firm, bearing the shock, defiantly resisting to the end.

How proud we should be that our land is the spearhead of the world's growing thrust against the evil power which has sprung up so quickly and become so great a menace to truth and freedom and justice! The struggle must be long and hard, but behind us are all men of goodwill. The enlightened nations of the earth stand behind us, some of them broken but all of them with us.

Not content with defending the land we love so well, we shall continue to inflict hard blows on the foe; and it may well be that a thousand years hence the most thrilling chapter in any school history book will be that which tells with breathless wonder the story of how a little land became the world's last bulwark, and how she brought a monster low, and gave back to mankind her precious liberties.

The Island is a fortress. Let us defend it with hand and brain, heart and soul. Let us sing for very joy that ours is the privilege of playing so great a part in the defence of Right. Let us bear our ills as good soldiers, faithful in all we have to do, confident that Europe's midnight will give place to a glorious Dawn.

Little News Reels

Lovers of the countryside have suffered a great loss by the death of Sir Raymond Unwin, the famous architect and country-planning expert, who has died at his daughter's home in Connecticut.

The new National War Bonds, bearing interest of 2½ per cent, opened with the most promising sale of over £10,000,000 a day.

Finger prints are to be taken of millions of aliens in the U.S.A.

OUR FINEST HOUR

Let us so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years men will say:

This was their finest hour
The Prime Minister

Trinidad business men have cabled two sums of £21,000 within a fortnight to help with the war.

Italy lost 13 of her submarines within 20 days of declaring war.

Japan is making new claims to control over the countries in East Asia and the South Seas.

Hitler was taken secretly to Paris to see the sights of the city.

A Kent man who is celebrating his hundredth birthday and still works on his allotment has just bought a set of gardening tools!

East Surrey Sea Cadets of Kenley have been told by an Admiralty Inspector that, though they are 50 miles from the sea, he places them among the 16 best corps in the country.

The LMS is to present dartboards to the three mess-rooms producing the greatest amount of salvage in four weeks. This is to encourage the railwaymen to salvage waste material from staff mess-rooms. Foreman Wright of Birmingham has collected 500 tons of waste in eight weeks.

Hull has been celebrating the centenary of the arrival of the railway at that city.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Brownies of Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, are helping to raise funds to build a church.

Guides in Calcutta have undertaken to supply a local hospital with children's garments which are normally supplied by friends in England.

Scouts of Ottawa, Canada, have been asked by the Federal District Commission to help in the search for mosquito breeding spots.

Scouts on duty at a big fair at Marnpuri, India, were able to restore 89 lost children to their parents.

A Scout Troop in south-east London has constructed a miniature rifle range for the use of the Local Defence Volunteers.

The world's oldest Boy Scout has retired; he is Sir Lancelot Rolleston, aged 92, who for 30 years has been County Commissioner for Notts.

THINGS SEEN

Cabbages and lettuces growing on an air-raid shelter in London.

An Englishman, a Scotsman, a Welshman, and an Irishman on guard together in a Kent village.

Notice in a public house:
Credit given only to persons over 70—if accompanied by parents.

ALL AMERICA IS WITH US

Will Mr Willkie Go To White House?

THE Island stands alone in battle, but all the free world is with it, and all America is stirring.

It is a wonderful awakening that has brought into the field for the next Presidential Election Mr Wendell Willkie, a man whose name hardly one of us had heard in this country, and who in his own country has sprung into greatness suddenly by the sheer force of his character and his great enthusiasm.

The Republican Party in the United States, finding itself in difficulties to produce a candidate who could defeat Mr Roosevelt of the Democratic Party, appeared likely to fall back on the rag-tag and bobtail policy of Isolation, cutting itself off from the world as if it could live alone. Suddenly Mr Willkie spoke, and it was seen that Isolation was a dead thing and that Humanity was alive. All the other candidates were as nothing, and out of 1000 votes Mr Willkie received 998.

He received them because he is a man of great character, as deeply committed to help the Allies as Mr Roosevelt is. He comes from

Germany if we go back to his great-grandparents, all four of whom were Germans. They loved freedom more than Prussian tyranny, however, and found their way to the land of liberty.

Mr Willkie himself began life as a poor boy, who worked himself through college, and has become the head of a great electrical organisation. He is only 48, a man of marvellous energy who came to Europe to fight in the Great War, and knows well that Hitlerism means death for everything he cares for. Short of actually sending men to fight, he will help us all he can; so that it comes to this—that both the great parties in the United States are heart and soul in the fight for freedom.

It is an uplifting thought, for there is no power on earth that can defeat the British Empire and the United States.

We need time to organise our victory, and we need patience to endure; but there is nothing in the world more certain than that victory will be ours and that Nazism will perish like the filthy thing it is.

Danger in the Sneeze?

Dr Patrick Galpin, a distinguished member of the London Public Health Services, sends us this note.

THE C.N. paragraph on sneezing the other day may lead to a misunderstanding and cause people to fear the sneeze. The paragraph applies equally well to spitting, yet it would be sometimes unwise to refrain from spitting and to swallow the sputum.

Sneezing and Spitting are defensive reactions of the body. The body is trying to get rid of something irritating and perhaps harmful. Other substances besides germs provoke sneezing, namely, pepper, pollen, dust; even a bright light may do so.

Your readers might conclude that all sneezing should be stopped, but I would say: Enjoy the sneeze; help the body to get rid of something, but naturally control the spray of mucus and collect it in a handkerchief. Just in the same way spitting should be controlled.

After all, the germs present may be just as harmful to the sneezer as they might be to his neighbour. Sneezing is just as significant as is the sweeping of the entrance hall of a house.

It is not a sign of wellbeing, nor necessarily that a cold is coming.

Rather it means the defences of the body are active and in good order.

The Mystery of Marshal Balbo

MARSHAL BALBO, Governor of Libya, who has been described as Mussolini's chief rival in Italy, has been killed in a mysterious plane accident over the Libyan naval base.

It was announced that he had been killed in battle, but that is not true. It is much more likely that he has been got rid of because he was inconvenient to his Dictator. Murder is a commonplace in the life of

Dictator States, and the mystery surrounding the death of Balbo, who must have hated the Italian war, recalls the similar mystery over the death of the German General Von Fritsch, who was opposed to Hitler's policy and fell strangely in Poland.

Marshal Balbo was the hero of the great mass flight across the North Atlantic, and one of the most popular men of the Flying Age.

A Tip to the Tribes

CANADA is now distributing to its Canadian Indians of the North-West in the Arctic and sub-Arctic lands their yearly subsidy. It is an outcome of the last agreement with them, which read, "As long as the sun shines and the rivers flow each man, woman, and child will receive an annuity of five dollars." Consequently 20,000 crisp dollar bills have gone west, and the distribution to the Dogribs has just ended.

The Dogribs are one of the seven tribes which dwell in the North West and are trappers and lumbermen; the trappers generally selling furs to the Hudson's Bay Company. The Dogribs number 700, the other six tribes bring the total in the Mackenzie River District to 4000, who receive this yearly birthday present. The chiefs receive 25 dollars and a uniform, the lesser chiefs 15 dollars.

Moving Scene in a Dutch University

There was an inspiring spectacle in the old Dutch university of Leyden the other day.

The university was founded to celebrate the liberation of the town from the Spanish yoke, and the anniversary took place at a moment when the town was in the foul grip of the Nazis. Notwithstanding this, the brave Dutch professors and students, gathering together, boldly sang their national anthem, its words exhorting the people to bring down tyranny and to live in freedom.

It must have been a moment of great emotion, and we would that Dr Goebbels and his unholy master could have been listening.

Hail and Farewell at the L.C.C.

One of the best friends of education has been Mr E. M. Rich, now retiring as Education Officer to the L.C.C. The C.N. wishes him farewell, and hails with delight his successor, Mr E. G. Savage.

Mr Savage has long been senior inspector to the Board of Education, and previously he taught at Eton, Durham, and St Andrew's; he knows education work in Canada and in Egypt; and he has had the tremendous experience of being on Gallipoli in the last war. He will be a great accession of strength to the most important school organisation in this country, and we wish him well.

A South African School in Wartime

A TEACHER in Johannesburg writes to tell us of the good work being done by her pupils, whose ages range from 11 to 14.

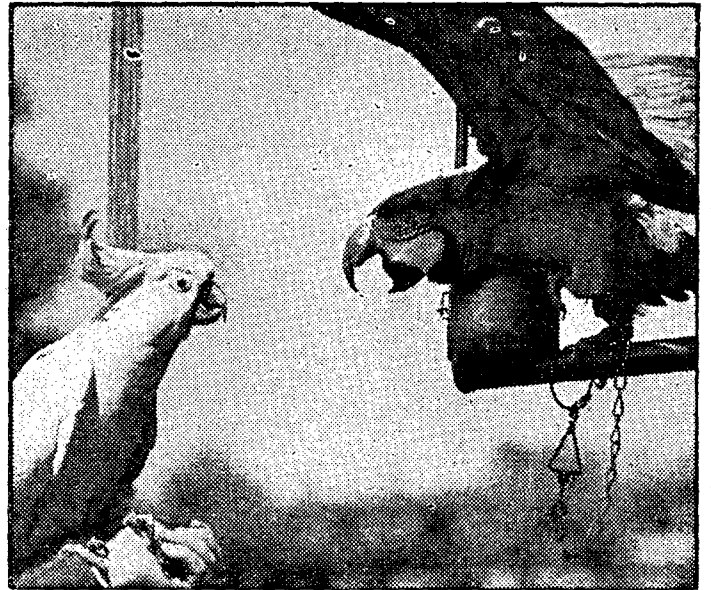
We should be amazed, she says, if we could see the response they made to the C.N. article on Waste a little while ago. The school has set to work in earnest to save everything it can, and has cupboards filled with bottles, newspapers, sacks, boxes overflowing with silver paper, toothpaste tubes, old razor blades, old pieces of blotting-paper, small balls of wool, pieces of lead, pellets, cartridge cases, and even a bag of bones which a little lad of eleven brought to school in a sack on his back.

It was a picture for an artist, says the teacher; and so was that other little fellow in a spotless white shirt with a sack of bottles on his back. Instead of having the C.N. banned, as was suggested in the South African Parliament not long ago, says the teacher, this is the way in which it is used in this school at Johannesburg. Practically every girl walks about at playtime with a ball of wool under her arm and a pair of knitting needles.

The talks on kindness to animals have apparently not been in vain at this school, for our correspondent tells us that after talking to the children about the R.S.P.C.A. she one day saw six or seven of the boys

making a human ladder at a tree, and found that with a boy of 14 on the top they were putting a little bird back into its nest, it having fallen out. One of the scholars, a boy of 13, is allowed to take his Alsatian dog Rexie to school with him, and it sits perfectly still through lessons, bending its head when the children bend theirs over the desks, and showing obvious signs of distress if its young master is in disgrace.

The C.N. sends its greetings to this happy and kindly school at Kensington in Johannesburg, and wishes the children a long and happy life in the years of the Great Peace that is coming.



An Argument at the London Zoo

JAM TOMORROW

Jam yesterday was dear, jam today is dearer, but jam tomorrow is not to go up any more. In other and official words, the Ministry of Food has made an order settling maximum retail prices for the principal varieties of jam.

Not only so, but all makers will have to conform to the full fruit standard, or to the fresh fruit standard, established by the Food Manufacturers Federation.

THE FIGHTING MCKOYS OF WHANGAREI

New Zealand has a warm spot in her heart for the McKoy family of Whangarei. Now in camp at Auckland is Sergeant T. M. McKoy, who is the sixth generation of his family in an unbroken line to have fought for the Motherland.

The family's most treasured possession are 48 medals won on active service, some of them won by Sergeant McKoy's father in the last war and others by his grandfather in the Maori War.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow seeds of early horn carrot for drawing young, and keep the principal crops free from weeds. Sow brown cos and other lettuce for autumn use.

Earth up potatoes where not done before. Sow successions of radishes in a cool situation. Cuttings of double wallflowers, pinks, and so on should be inserted now. Lift anemones, narcissus, and other roots as foliage dies.

CLEVER PEGGY

A correspondent in the Lake Country sends us this true story of a dog, Peggy, who does what she is told to do. When her master comes in at night and says, "Peggy, get me my slippers," Peggy straightway goes to the cupboard, brings them out, and puts them at his feet.

Later in the evening her mistress will miss her glasses, and say, "Peggy, be a good dog and get my glasses; they're upstairs." Off goes Peggy upstairs, and noses around until she finds them, picks them up carefully, and carries them downstairs.

STATE HERRINGS

At last common sense is being applied to that valuable food the herring. There are to be fixed prices for Scottish herrings this season, and the Ministry of Food is taking over the curing of the fish. We hope the plan will be extended to the whole of the herring trade.

This move saves the industry from the consequences of losing the German, Russian, and Polish markets.

In the event of a big catch it will become a national duty to Eat More Herrings.

THE LEAGUE IS CARRYING ON

THE League of Nations still carries on. In distant Singapore a modest brass plate on a house carries the inscription "Eastern Health Bureau, League of Nations," and at it day and night the work continues to preserve nations from disease if it cannot keep them from war.

From this office cables radiate like the spokes of a wheel as far as Egypt in the West, Australia in the South, Vladivostok in the North, and Hawaii in the East. The cable connections are with 200 seaports.

ARTHUR MEE'S NORFOLK

Suffice it to say that of this great and wonderful county this is the finest book ever produced.

National Newsagent on the Norfolk volume of the King's England

and all are warned when any one of these ports has a case of dangerously infectious disease, such as cholera or plague; or if a case is being carried on a ship approaching any port. "Cholera at Bangkok" cabled to the Singapore headquarters is relayed to all the countries of the League. At Bangkok the ship may be quarantined; and every other port is warned to keep the disease from spreading.

This is the League War against Disease; but what is war but a disease?

THE DOG THAT RUNS BEHIND

After being long out of fashion the Dalmatian (known better to boys and girls as the plum pudding dog, because of the black spots on its white coat) is to the fore again, and has even succeeded in attracting notice from students of heredity.

Three of these have been examining its habit of running with horses and carriages, which led to its old name of the carriage dog. The naturalists have found that this curious habit has become hereditary in the breed. One Dalmatian always used to run almost between the horse's legs behind the carriage. Of her six puppies all ran in a forward position behind or under the carriage, and one with his nose touching the horse's hind legs. Other Dalmatian families showed the same trick. Once a carriage dog, always a funkey!

The Beetle in the Forest

GHOST forests are what the Far West calls the thousands of acres of pinewood which the western pine beetle and the mountain pine beetle have visited and desolated. A million trees stripped of their bark stand up stark and white and destroyed beyond recovery.

When the bark beetle comes in its thousands to settle on the pines it bores its way through the bark, and raises families of millions within it. The youngest trees put up a fight, but the end is always the same; sooner or later the forest becomes a ghost, and the

only consolation that remains is that the beetles perish when all their food of bark has gone. But others spring into activity elsewhere, and the West is at its wits end to cope with these parasites, which are more ruinous than forest fires and have lost for California 40 million pounds in ten years.

The only remedy has been to introduce to the forests known enemies of the bark beetle, but these are slow to multiply and vastly outnumbered. The end of the struggle is not yet.

ROSES FOR THE ROSE BOWL

Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl is going to live up to its name.

The 100,000 people who pack this huge open-air stadium each Christmas Day will in future have something else to look at besides the football, for half a million roses of every variety have been planted, making one of the most beautiful rose bowls to be seen anywhere.

650 SNAKES

From the forests of East Africa a party of Harvard University naturalists has just returned with a prize of 650 snakes of 71 species. Mr. Arthur Loveridge, the leader of the hunt, tells of some of his finds, for which he paid the natives an average of a shilling a snake. They include garter snakes with crossbands, found nowhere else than in the Mabira forest of Uganda, velvety green night adders, a Gaboon viper weighing eight pounds, and a black striped tree snake from the Budongo Forest.

One harmless reptile added to the bag was the four-toed skink, a burrowing lizard.



Girls of the Camp School

Schoolgirls from Barking out for a walk near their new quarters at the National School Camp at Hydon Heath, in Surrey

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



STORY

RUSSIA's new land of Bessarabia, taken from Rumania, is one of the most fertile areas of the earth, and this story is told of it.

A Russian officer who was very fond of water-melons sent his man to buy some, giving him a rouble—about two shillings.

A little while after a cart was heard in the street, and the man announced that the first cartload of melons had arrived and the other was following soon!

Two Old Men and the World

THE CN has been delighted to record the wonderful doings of old folk from time to time, and it feels therefore that it may without disrespect to our many old friends call attention to a curious circumstance.

Twice in the history of Hitler's mad-dog career he has been pushed up the ladder by an old man. Hindenburg was in his dotage (as Hitler reminded him) when he accepted Hitler as Chancellor, and now Pétain in his dotage has given France to Hitler. Hindenburg was 85. Pétain was in his 85th year.

Nothing either of these men did in their prime counted for the world a thousandth part as much as the thing they did when their brains were dead.

Free Milk For the Very Poor

EVERYONE will applaud the Government's new milk scheme, under which hardship in this important matter is avoided by arranging for cheap milk for the needy.

A National Milk Scheme provides mothers and children under five with a pint of milk a day per head at the special price of 2d a pint, while for very poor families the milk is supplied free. This is to families with less than 40s a week.

This is a great social conception. Milk must be dearer under present methods of trade, but the poor are not to suffer.

We could wish that the Government had gone further by reforming distribution and avoiding the raising of price.

The Street Corner Man

THE Ministry of Information is doing better. We have been delighted to see that it has had the fine idea of appointing street corner orators who will cheer up the little crowds that are always ready to listen to the man on the soap-box at lunch time.

There are always such crowds to be seen in the streets of London and any big city, and usually they have been listening to cranks or cheats or traitors; now they will have the chance to listen to inspiring talks on Right and Justice and Freedom. It will be a change, and a very good one.

While He Slept

THE tales of Dunkirk will never end. In a thousand years the story will be told in school books, and none will talk of courage without thinking of that story of three hundred thousand men.

One story has just reached us which has not been printed. It is of a man who waited on the beach ten hours for a boat to bring him home and, when it came, fell fast asleep. On reaching England he woke up to find that the boat had been bombed and several people killed while he slept.

Our Precious Acres

OUR Minister of Agriculture declares that he will not tolerate the existence of wasted acres. He particularly refers to building estates where the land is idle because house building has had to cease and where weeds spring in profusion. He wants to see this land cultivated, as we all do.

The worst of it is that the owners of such estates are in many cases without means to do what ought to be done. They are in great difficulty, often unable to meet heavy interest charges.

We suggest that the Ministry should exercise the powers it has to take over waste land for the nation. No time should be lost in making preparations, so that another year is not lost in using land to the full.

As for the weed question, the Ministry can act at once. Get the weeds out.

THE OLD SHIP IN THE STORM

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

I WAS given to understand in my childhood that the British Island from which my forefathers came was no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round; no, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fibre and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled; they did not strike twelve the first time; good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand.

Is it not true, sir, that the wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colours from the port, but only that brave sailer which came back with torn sheets and battered sides stript of her banners, but having ridden out the storm?

And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honours, and trophies (and also with the infirmities) of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon.

I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born in the soil. So be it! So let it be!

JESUS SAID

IN the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

JUST AN IDEA

Somebody has said with great truth that it is often wiser to face the unknown future than to cling to the past hanging on to its broken links.

A MIGHTY POWER IS FOR US IN THE

It may not be fully realised how great is the contribution of India to Freedom's cause.

Her resources are inexhaustible both in men and materials, and so tremendous has been her industrial development in the past quarter of a century that her invaluable contribution to victory in the last war will seem a mere trifle compared with what she can and will do in this.

India's Great Effort

This nation of 352,000,000 people has ranged herself whole-heartedly with her sister nations of the British Commonwealth in the fight against the Dictators and, while her efforts already count a great deal, in the immediate future India will come more and more into the war scene, and the longer the war lasts the greater will her reserves count.

Since 1918 India has become one of the leading industrial nations, with vast reserves of raw materials and a manufacturing capacity astounding in its variety and quality. In normal times jute is easily at the head of her exports. Wherever we go we see this material in the sandbags, of which India has supplied a thousand millions (enough to reach to the moon and back). Thus we may say that India is cushioning us all against air attacks.

The swift production of these sandbags is but one example of the efficiency of the War Supply Department set up by the Government of India to provide, first for the defence of India itself, and then for the British Empire. So quickly and efficiently has this Department got to work that India can practically equip and maintain her own considerable forces both at home and overseas, and, in addition, from her central strategic position she can make herself responsible for raw materials and manufactured articles from the Mediterranean to Malaya—and then have something to spare.

From Suez to Singapore

Indeed, it is now true to say that India's frontier extends from Suez to Singapore, between which she sets free British shipping and other vital resources for use elsewhere.

Here are some of the war materials India is now producing. Her steel output, which was 63,000 tons in 1913, is now nearly 1,250,000 tons a year; this year, for the first time, India has a surplus for export. She is, for example, making £300,000 worth of steel buildings for Palestine and Egypt. She makes rifles, machine-guns, six-inch guns, and ammunition of all kinds, her ordnance factories being so rapidly expanded that India's

Farewell to Sydenham's Towers

SOON, if we desire to see a last memorial of the Crystal Palace, we shall have to seek it at the Natural History Museum, for the two great towers which survived



The Sphinx sits by one of the doomed towers

the fire destroying the main building are being pulled down for the 1600 tons of iron they contain.

Standing 284 feet high, the towers were each surmounted by

a tank containing thousands of gallons of water, which fed the lakes and fountains in the 200 acres of grounds, and up the centre of each ran a chimney drawing off the smoke, by underground pipe, from the furnaces for the entire heating system of the palace.

Great numbers of people climbed the 400 steps leading up the towers; still more went up the lift in one of them.

Some of the most important early experiments in television were carried out by Mr J. L. Baird in one of the towers, but it was at a rival place of entertainment, Alexandra Palace, that the B B C set up their television studios. Nothing but memory preserves a record of the scenes on which the old towers looked down—the glorious Handel Festivals, the contests that drew all the crack bands to the palace, the Cup Finals, the athletic contests, the motor and cycle racing.

South Kensington already has a pathetic memorial of the great Crystal Palace that was: it is a handful of glass, iron, and pebbles melted together in the fierce heat of the fire. It has a place in the museum a few feet away from a fragment of a cedar beam from another ruin—the ancient palace of Nineveh.

Why They Hauled Down the Flag

This is the story of a heroism Tennyson longed to put into poetry but never did. It is brought to mind by the stories of courage in the sea that have been told in these days.

IN a gale at sea the captain of the Liverpool steamer Lord Gough saw through his glass a vessel flying her flag at half-mast.

It was the American ship Cleopatra, waterlogged and sinking. In spite of the heavy seas and the blizzard volunteers were soon launching a boat from the Lord Gough; but no sooner were they away than the Cleopatra hauled down her flag.

That meant surrender and defeat. She was no longer a ship in distress, asking for help, but one which said, "All is over; leave me to my fate." Perhaps the crew had been swept away from the wreck, and the hauling down of the flag was

the last man's signal. But the men of the Lord Gough rowed on.

After a heroic struggle they reached the Cleopatra, and found the crew still clinging to the deck. All managed to reach the Lord Gough's boat, and then began the tremendous struggle of the return journey. By marvellous seamanship the boat got back in safety, and then, as the captain of the English ship shook hands with Captain Pendleton of the Cleopatra he asked, "Why did you haul down your colours?"

This American's reply stirred all England and America:

Because we had no boats, and we thought it wrong to tempt another ship's crew to imperil their lives in a hopeless attempt.

So, like the men of the Birkenhead, they meant to die in order that others should live.

Under the Editor's Table

A LOCAL milkman advertises that he supplies families. Most of us have our own.

A MAN says he is glad when the weather goes warm. That is when we prefer it to stay.

OUR men will train with broomsticks if necessary. And be ready for a brush with the enemy.

STUFFING helps to make meat go farther. Provided diners do not stuff themselves.

THERE is not enough paper for new books. A novel difficulty.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If lazy cooks fritter their time away

SURPRISES usually happen on Monday, somebody says. To give us a good start for the week.

FOOTBALL grounds are to be commandeered for training. We shall be sure of getting our goal.

INCOME-TAX forms are to be cut down. But the tax will be bigger.

A BRITISH trawler captured an Italian submarine. Thought it looked fishy.

A COWARD has a great affection for himself. Takes to his heels.

WORKING EAST

shells will soon be fired by British armies far afield. The cost of this enormous development is as much as £5,250,000.

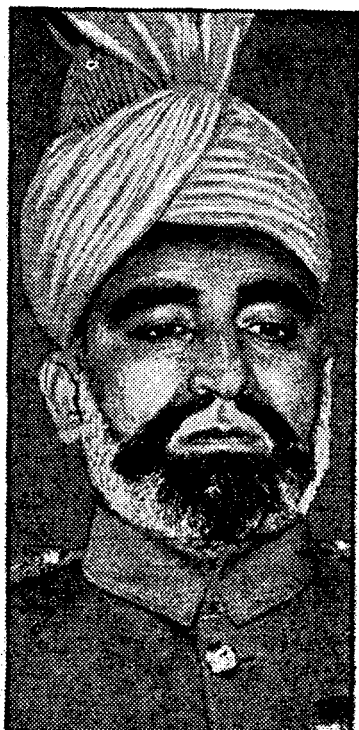
Portland cement is another manufacture of vital importance today, and India makes over a million tons a year. Cotton, woollen, and leather goods are being produced in vast quantities, 125,000 pairs of boots a month being made for our army in this country.

Vital Supplies

Rubber, restricted in peace time to 18,000,000 pounds a year, can be expanded enormously under war conditions, and such essential war minerals as manganese, chromite, and mica are plentiful.

With so many of her own people to feed we may well ask, What can India spare for others? Tea, of course, comes first, but even more vital in wartime are those oil-seeds (like groundnuts and linseed) of which India normally sends us a million tons a year. India is not a wheat exporter, yet during a critical stage of the Great War our Wheat Commission was able to obtain from her nearly five million tons of foodstuffs. What India did then, with hardly any organisation, she can do today far more abundantly.

As to India's contributions in money and men, whether from the



States ruled by the Princes, or from the Provinces of British India, these are already munificent, as many paragraphs in the C N have recorded. But the chief fact with which the Dictators will have to reckon is that India is recruiting her own forces, and officering them, and arming them—with very little need of assistance from the Motherland.

When It Is All Over

A Federated Europe. By Lord Davies. Gollancz, 3s 6d

WE must all hope that even now somebody is thinking of the Great Peace that will thrill the world some day.

Certainly Lord Davies is. He has been one of the earnest workers for a better world since the Great War ended and the League of Nations began, and he has never wearied in well-doing. Thanks to his public spirit the idea of an International Police Force to keep order in Europe has made much headway, and it is being widely realised that there is no hope for the world unless some powerful organisation has means to enforce its decisions. As long as force is in the world it must be met by force; all mankind knows now that you cannot argue with a ravening wolf.

This new book by Lord Davies is a most admirable statement of the possibilities of a Federated Europe. It is simple and direct and carries conviction with it. Lord Davies believes (as we do) that it is possible to federate the nations on a basis of democracy, justice, and security,

and this ideal is not to be destroyed because mad dogs are running about in Europe. When this mad dog philosophy is done for, either in the fires of revolution or on the stricken field of battle, will Germany seek the better way? or, as Lord Davies put it:

When Hitler scuttles himself in despair, and his lieutenants flee to their fortunes across the seas, will the German people, disillusioned once more and deprived of their god and devil, turn their gaze towards the West or the East? Will they choose to become the outpost of Democracy or Bolshevism?

It is one of the questions History alone can answer, but the C N believes, as Lord Davies does, that our destinies are in the Hand of God.

In its palm the idea of Federation holds the Divine gifts of morality, reason, justice, courage, and chivalry. With these in our possession we shall be able not only to triumph over our mortal enemies, but also to march resolutely forward along the highway which leads to the Empire of Right and the Kingdom of God.

Two Birds For Everybody

OUR debt to the birds is so great that there can be few who do not love them.

What would human life be were their music silenced, their lovely motion stilled? Town life cannot eradicate this universal love; a bird shop is always an attraction, even in the darkest industrial city, and urban bird fanciers are numbered by hundreds of thousands.

How many birds are there in our fortunate isle, whose bowers attract so many migrating birds to make their nests with us? According to authorities who have made a special investigation there are roundly 100 millions.

That is to say, we have about two birds to each man, woman, and child in the land.

The most plentiful birds, in England and Wales alone, are these:

Blackbird and Chaffinch, 10,000,000 each;

Robin and Starling, 7,000,000 each;

House Sparrow, Hedge Sparrow, Song Thrush, Meadow Pipit, 3,000,000 each;

Rooks, 1,750,000;

Yellowhammer, Wren, Whitethroat, Willow Wren, Skylark, Blue Tit, Swallow, House Martin, 750,000 each.

Some of these figures are surprising, for who, without special knowledge, would imagine England to have as many Whitethroats as Tom Tits, or as many Robins as Starlings?

There is abundant room for research into bird life, and we hope that not a few of our boys and girls will take a life interest in this fascinating subject. To vary the oft-quoted lines of Shakespeare:

The man that hath no music in himself Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Nor finds delight in bird upon the wing,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. . . .

C N CALLING

When all is done and said
In the end thus shall you find:
Hemost of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind.

Thomas, Lord Vaux

Father Time Has Ridden Many Horses

BEWARE of idealising other governments and other times to the discredit of your own. We pick out a period which was not harassed by our particular torments, and we wish that we could restore it, forgetting that had we lived then we should have had to face other and perhaps worse perplexities. Father Time has ridden many horses, but Black Care has mounted behind him on every one of them. William Roscoe Thayer

GOD IS WITH US

Walter John Mathams, the writer of this hymn, passed on ten years ago, but these verses might well have been written for these anxious days.

God is with us, God is with us,
So our brave forefathers sang,
Far across the field of battle
Loud their holy war-cry rang;
Never once they feared nor faltered,
Never once they ceased to sing:
God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!

Soon the struggle will be over,
Soon the flags of strife be furled;
Downward from his place, defeated,
Shall the enemy be hurled;
Onward, then, with ranks unbroken,
Sure of triumph, shout and sing:
God is with us, God is with us,
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!

THE CONQUEROR

No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself. Henry Ward Beecher

They Never Fail

THEY never fail who die
In a great cause. The block
may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the
sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle
walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad.
Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark
a doom,
They but augment the deep and
sweeping thoughts
That overpower all others, and
conduct
The world at last to freedom.
Byron

JUSTICE AND LOVE

WAR will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ. William Ellery Channing

The Mainspring of Effort

ENSLAVE a man and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, his capacity. In the constitution of human nature, the desire of bettering one's condition is the mainspring of effort. The first touch of slavery snaps this spring. Horace Mann

For Those Who Fight and Those in Pain

FOR men of courage, men who dare
To risk their lives for whom
they care,
For those in danger in the air
We offer up a fervent prayer,
And from our hearts we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

For those bereft, for those in pain,
We lift our hearts for them again.
Where shadows fall may time restore
Some sunshine they have known
before;

O God of Love, make strife to cease
And usher in the reign of peace.
A. E. Stacy



CARRY ON

THERE IS NOT ANYTHING MORE WONDERFUL

THERE is not anything more wonderful
Than a great people moving
towards the deep
Of an unguessed and unfear'd
future; nor
Is aught so dear of all held dear
before
As the new passion stirring in
their veins.
When the destroying Dragon
wakes from sleep.

Happy is England now, as never
yet!
And though the sorrows of the
slow days fret
Her faithfulest children, grief
itself is proud.
Ev'n the warm beauty of this
spring and summer
That turns to bitterness turns
then to gladness,
Since for this England the
beloved ones died.

John Freeman in his Collected Poems (Macmillan)

STICK IT AND SMILE

THE value of the English smile cannot well be estimated.

It has brought to a successful issue great enterprises; it has made possible amazing feats of heroism. It keeps the English friendly and undaunted in the face of fearful odds; it helps them to stand firm, calm and courageous in tight corners, and to pull through where another would stand no chance. It has saved and will continue to save many a life; it makes death not so vile a thing.

Anger does not go with a smile, and an Englishman is slow to anger because his smile is ready. His anger rarely lasts because the smile is always waiting. I have been alone in many countries, and I think the thing I have longed for most was the sight of that English smile.

I cannot imagine the English being beaten. They would not accept defeat—they would smile. And there is nothing soft or sickly in the English smile. It is born of a stout heart, courage and determination to stick it at all costs, and stick it cheerfully. England—keep smiling!

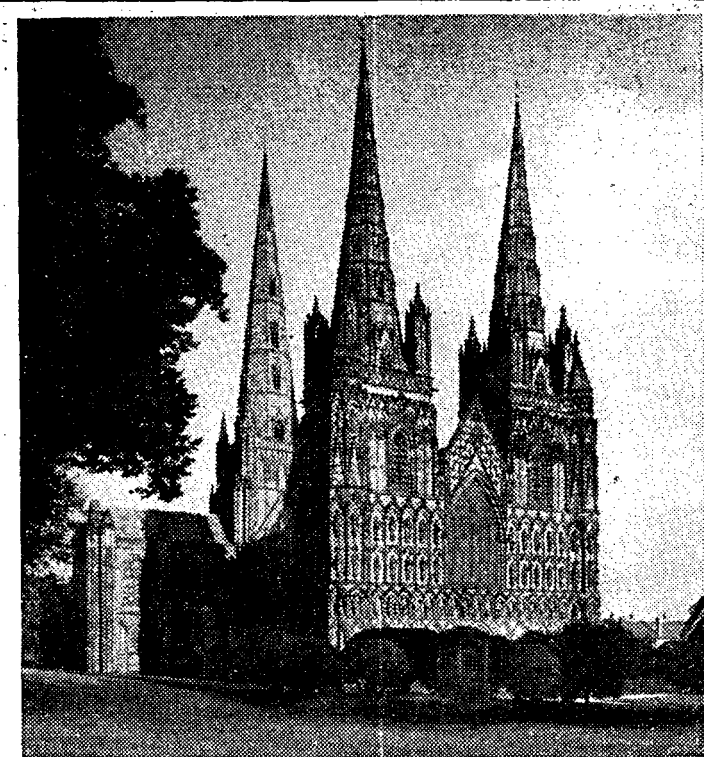
Nancy Price

Forgetting Yourself

FORGETTING one's self, or knowing one's self, around this everything turns. Auerbach

The Worst Thing of All

THERE is only one thing that is worse than death; that is to be laughed at. Red Indian saying



The glorious West Front of Lichfield Cathedral with over a hundred statues. The three lovely spires are known as The Ladies of the Vale. Lichfield Cathedral has a history going back to Saxon days, but most of the present building belongs to the 13th and 14th centuries

WONDERFUL FACTS ABOUT YOU

It is good for us all in these days to think and read of something other than the war. It may be well if we think of ourselves and how wonderfully we are made. We have collected a series of wonderful facts about you, and propose to print them week by week.

1. The Storehouse of the Body

The blood circulating in the wall of the alimentary canal and carrying the useful parts of digested foods goes first to the liver, which selects parts of the food in the blood and stores them up till they are required. The liver is the body's bank, the blood is the workman, and the food is the wages. It is chiefly the sugar which is kept back by the liver, for use later when the body is hungry or doing hard work.

2. The Dust Screen

We breathe through our noses, and in inhaling we take in dust which would do harm if it got right into the body. The road through the nose is therefore kept watered by a mucous material which lays the dust, holding it and preventing it passing on, while fine hairs in the nose also act as a screen.

3. How the Blood Takes Up Oxygen

The blood needs much oxygen, which it takes up in our lungs. But if the lungs were mere balloons which we filled with air there would not be enough contact with blood-vessels round the walls to take up oxygen. Instead of being like balloons they are like sponges, full of little tubes and air-sacs, in the walls of which are tiny blood-vessels with thin partitions, and through these the blood takes up air. There is thus an enormous surface of contact between the blood and the air, enabling sufficient oxygen to be absorbed.

4. The Cage That Changes Its Size

The ribs form a cage for the various organs of the body and protect them from damage from outside. If the bars of this cage (the ribs) were rigid there would be either too much room at times, so that the organs would shift about, or too little room to allow for the lungs to fill with air. But by a wonderful arrangement the ribs are hinged at the back to the vertebrae, so that muscles attached to them raise the ribs as we breathe, pushing out the breast-bone in front, and so the chest cavity is increased in size. Also the ribs are curved in such a way at the sides that the act of raising them pushes the chest wall out at the sides.

5. How the Arm Moves

The arm is moved by muscles attached to the bones. These have a remarkable power of becoming shorter and thicker when they

receive a message from the brain. If we want to raise an arm a message is sent to the nerve that the muscle is to contract, and at once it gets short and thick, and, being shorter, naturally draws the bones of the arm nearer together.

6. The Body as a Chemical Factory

However solid our food may be, it can only be made use of by being dissolved so as to pass into the blood. There is, from the mouth downwards, an elaborate plant for rendering the food soluble and diffusing it through the body.

The body is a wonderful chemical factory, chemical processes going on from the moment we take the food into our mouth. The saliva of the mouth has the power of changing starch into sugar. The saliva is made in little organs called salivary glands and passes into the mouth by pipes.

7. How the Body's Fires are Kept Burning

Oxygen must be supplied to the tissues of the body so that the body fires may be kept burning and the necessary work done. Oxygen is breathed into the lungs with the air, but before it can go into the blood it must be dissolved in the moisture of the thin wet partition which separates the air in the lungs from the blood contained in the tiny blood-vessels near. Then, as the blood flows along the vessels, the dissolved oxygen leaves the blood through the thin partitions and enters the tissues.

8. How the Blood is Loaded and Unloaded

As a railway wagon going to a factory may carry coal, which is unloaded for use there, and then goes off again with a load of bricks made in the factory, so the blood, the great transporter of the body, loads and unloads as it passes through. It unloads the oxygen which it had carried from the lungs, and it loads up with waste products of the body-burning, such as carbon dioxide, and carries this away for discharge through the nose or mouth.

9. The Way the Organs are Packed

Nowhere else in the world can such ingenious packing be found as in the human body. There are many organs, all needing free scope for moving and working, packed into a remarkably small space, with an alimentary canal which, if laid out straight, would extend for nearly forty feet.

The Good Work of the World Goes On

It has always been one of our regrets that a C.N. writer, who was only human, once wrote of Mr Edward Stephen Harkness, the inspiration of the Pilgrim Trust, as if he were no more among us, though he was then very much alive.

Now that Mr Harkness has actually joined the immortals a pathetic note runs through the new report of the Pilgrim Trust, for it reproduces in facsimile his last letter to Lord Macmillan, written in September, and wishing the Allies well in their "just and righteous cause"; and in addition to the appreciation of Mr Harkness by Lord Macmillan and Sir James Irvine there is a note by Lord Baldwin on John Buchan, who has also passed away. He was one of the party of three to whom Mr Harkness gave £2,000,000 to found the Pilgrim Trust as an expression of admiration for Great Britain and her work in the world.

Help for the Strugglers

Men come and go, but their work lives on, and we are continually being delighted, as we survey the good things that keep on struggling, to find the help that comes to them from the Pilgrim Trust. It has been a pleasure for the C.N. to link itself with the Pilgrim Trust by raising £150 for Toc H in Orkney; but who in the world could go all the way with this great Trust, which is one day saving a mediæval church, or helping the newsboys of Belfast, or keeping the Implacable afloat, and another day is making it possible for old societies and institutions to preserve their archives, or for Peckham's splendid Health Centre to carry on, or for some hard-hit folk in some poor town to take breath and start again?

We find from this report that the Pilgrim Trust helps to pay the salaries of social workers in nine settlements in South Wales. It helps the Mary Macarthur Holiday Home in Essex and the Wallingford Farm Training Colony. It has paid out thousands of pounds to preserve national treasures, much of it for the famous Lady Chapel at Ely, the restoration of which has been one of the glories of our time. It has helped the good work of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, which is always going on—restoring brasses, uncovering old paintings, cleaning tombs, saving roofs from the death watch beetle.

An Invaluable Collection

We like especially the help it has given to the Methodist Missionary Society. Nobody can estimate the importance of the documents that have accumulated in the archives of missionary societies in 150 years. They are an invaluable fund of interest for the historian, but missionary societies cannot hope to cope with such matters. The Pilgrim Trust has made a grant of £1000 for a muniment room and over 100,000 letters have been preserved for their historical importance.

We should fill our small C.N. if we told half of the good works of the Pilgrim Trust, and we can mention only one more case. The beneficent millions of the Trust have not quite reached the C.N., but they have come next-door, for they have enabled our noble next-door neighbour, Sion College, to make a new survey of its precious library and to catalogue its ancient treasures.

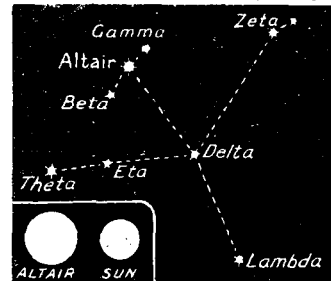
Rags and Bones

Rags and bones are among the prized collections the borough councils are accumulating to save waste. Rags rank with waste paper, or above it. Bones are valuable because they are one-eighth fat, one-eighth glue, and the remaining three-quarters makes fertilisers for crops, or feeding meal for cattle. Banana skins also make first-rate fertilisers.

THE MORNING STAR Venus Heralds the Rising Sun

VENUS has now reappeared in the early morning sky (writes the C.N. Astronomer) and may be seen as a most brilliant object low in the north-east sky. At present she rises about 3.40, over an hour before the Sun, and therefore should be easily seen before sunrise. As she rises about half an hour earlier each week she will soon be much more prominent, rapidly increasing in brilliance.

At present Venus is about 33 million miles away, little more than one-third the distance of the



The chief stars of Aquila, showing the suggested form of a bird in flight, Lambda being the Eagle's Tail. Inset are shown the comparative sizes of Altair and our Sun

Sun, and much the nearest world to the Earth. Seen through a telescope Venus now appears as a slender crescent, but as the weeks pass she will grow into a half-moon shape, though as she is receding from us her apparent circumference will diminish. In two weeks Venus will be some seven million miles farther off.

High in the south-east sky, Jupiter and Saturn appear close together as a striking pair in the dawn, the fainter Saturn being a little way to the left of the brilliant Jupiter, which, however, is not so bright as Venus. Jupiter and Saturn rise soon after midnight, but as they rise about half an hour earlier each week they will soon be visible low in the east before midnight. Moreover, as they are coming nearer they will appear brighter.

The stars of Aquila, the celestial Eagle, are now high in the south-east sky in the evening, the most important being readily distinguished with the aid of the map,

notwithstanding the presence of the Moon. The brilliant Altair, the Vulture Star, as its Arabic name suggests, is a striking feature with Beta and Gamma almost in line on either side.

Altair is one of our Sun's nearer neighbours, being but 16 light-years' journey away, or 1,012,000 times farther off than our Sun. Were Altair as near it would appear half as wide again, as Altair's diameter is calculated to be about 1,200,000 miles. It is a much hotter sun than ours, with a surface temperature of 8600 degrees Centigrade, compared with our Sun's average of 6000 degrees. Altair has therefore a more brilliant surface and so emits about 10 times more light than our Sun. As Altair is coming nearer to us at the average rate of about 24 miles a second, it will appear brighter in ages to come.

Gamma in Aquila, also known as Tarazed, actually very much larger than Altair, and radiating about 200 times more light than our Sun, appears less bright because it is 181 light-years' journey away. Beta, whose Arabic name is Alschain, is much smaller; it is similar to our Sun and about 42 light-years distant.

Like a Celestial Bomb

Eta is similar to Beta in appearance but is vastly different in reality, for it is a giant sun much farther off and remarkable for the singular variations in its light, which take place in the course of 7 days 4 hours and 14 minutes. These variations are the result of terrific convulsions, for the star appears to be of the wonderful Cepheid type and a colossal mass of whirling, radiant gas, a kind of fire-mist at an enormous heat. This fiery intangible mass is calculated to average about 30 million miles in diameter, but it alternately expands and contracts to the extent of some 2½ million miles in this short period. From this we can imagine that Eta must be like some colossal celestial bomb that is everlastingly blowing outbursts at intervals of a week and upwards of a million miles high, each outburst taking about 20 hours of continuous explosion. G. F. M.

The Smoke Jumpers

A NEW kind of parachutist has arisen, or rather has descended, on the forests of the Far West.

He is the Smoke Jumper, who is carried by aeroplane wherever a forest fire threatens, and who, choosing his place of descent, placidly drops by parachute on the spot where he can do most good in preventing the spread of the fire.

The parachutes are of the unusual diameter of 30 feet, and owing to their size descend only at 12 feet a second, so that the smoke jumper,

though descending from 8000 feet, finds small hazard in landing. Even if he descends among the forest trees the danger has not been found to be so much as expected. Rather do the trees act as cushions. If the parachute is caught in them it is not much damaged, and the parachutist carries with him a rope to help him to climb down. He wears also an asbestos-padded suit and a crash helmet, and hitherto not one accident has happened to a smoke jumper.

Vegetables From a Chinese Garden

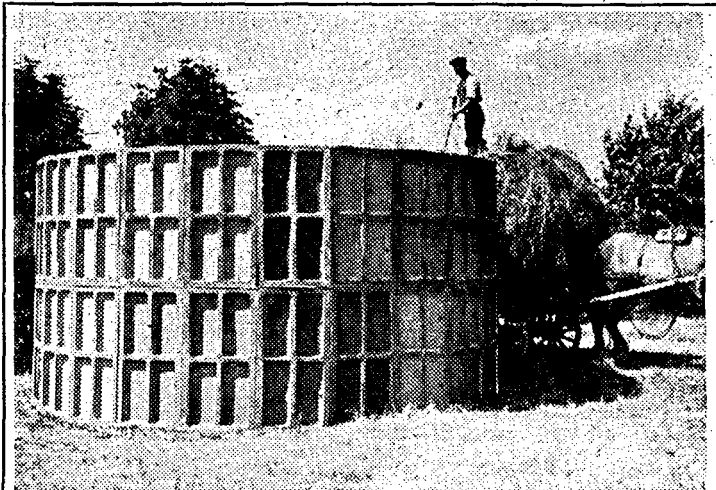
AMONG the fittest of the Australian Expeditionary Force to which we have been paying homage as they stride about our land are those fortunate 500 who, before they sailed, encamped on the show grounds at Melbourne.

These hardy men ascribe their glowing health largely to their Chinese neighbours, who presented them with a truckload of vegetables twice a day.

Without fail came the big motor truck heaped high with lettuces and tomatoes, peas and beans, and all the other good things which the Chinese community had grown and gathered. When an Australian

digger asked one of these Chinese gardeners what moved them to such generosity this is what he said:

"We are living in a great country. We are protected by your police; we are well treated by your citizens. If one of our countrymen gets into trouble the laws of your land insist that he be given a fair trial. If his English is 'pidgin,' your authorities supply him with an interpreter when he goes before the court, and they pay for the interpreter. We live a free and untrammelled life. We are under the protection of the flag of the red, white, and blue. Your boys are going away to fight for us. Why shouldn't we help them?"



Fodder For Winter

Grass cut from the parks in Ilford is being stored for winter use in silos built up in concrete sections

THE CONQUEROR AND THE MAID

PART THREE

By Arthur Mee

ROUEN is rich in the memories of our famous kings. The Conqueror died here, and in a tower at Rouen King John murdered his nephew Prince Arthur.

To this city was to come, out of many troubled generations, that other king who glows in Shakespeare, Henry the Fifth of Agincourt, of Harfleur, and of St Crispin's Day. We see the ghastly grip that war has always had on men as we look back to the days when Henry came to Rouen. The city woke up one morning to find a ring of English steel around it; Henry was there with fifty thousand men. He could subdue the city by fire or sword or famine, and he chose what seemed to him the kindest of the three; he waited for hunger to do its work. The cathedral register is a pathetic witness to what took place in those bitter weeks. There was no bread left and every horse was gone.

At last the city turned out fifteen thousand refugees from other country towns, thinking the English king would let them pass. The pitiful multitude of starving people, hungry babies in the arms of emaciated mothers, old folk perishing and infants struggling to live, passed out of the walls of Rouen and stood before the English lines. Such an argument for surrender was too good for a king to lose, and Henry would not let them pass. The mass of miserable humanity lay in the open ditch below the walls, and they perished in hundreds. Old writers have described how a priest would send down a blessing from the walls above, or draw up an infant born in the ditch, baptise it, and let it down again to die.

The Keys of Rouen

There was only one end possible, and one of the strangest scenes in our history is of Henry in his cloth of gold sitting on a throne receiving the keys of Rouen from its famine-stricken citizens. All around him was the dead and living horror of the ditch beneath the walls, out of which some phantom of a child

would creep, crying for food. Only twice again was Henry seen within the walls. In 1421 he opened the Parliament of Normandy; in 1422 they carried him through Rouen in his coffin, on his way to that tomb in the Abbey where we can now stand near him.

And now we come to the foot of the Conqueror's hill. It is only a few short years since the day when Henry received the keys. If one of those little ones born in the ditch beneath the walls should have survived those days he would still be a child when there appeared in France the power that was to drive the English out, and he would still be only twelve when there was brought to Rouen, a captive in a castle there, betrayed by her own countrymen to their English enemies, the Stainless Maid of Domrémy, Deliverer of France.

War's Handmaidens

The bitter memory of that siege of Rouen was fresh in the minds of the people. Old men enfeebled by it had not yet died; young children suffering from it were barely in their teens; and yet the city of Rouen could burn alive the girl who drove the English out, could let her die without a hand stretched out to save her. "War has three handmaidens," Henry said outside the walls, "fire, sword, and famine, and I have chosen the meekest of the three." It was left for Rouen, with the agony of those days still seen on her children's pale faces, to choose the cruellest of the three for Joan, who delivered her.

We can stand on the spot where they imprisoned her, where they put her in an iron cage, then chained her to a log of wood, and guarded her night and day by four soldiers. We can stand in the very room of a tower in which she gave those wonderful answers to her judges. When they asked her "Does God hate the English?" she said: "I know nothing of the hatred or the love of God for the English, but this I know, that they will all be thrust out

of France, save those who leave their bodies here." Eighteen years from then the King of France was riding once again through Rouen, and every Englishman was gone save those who had left their bodies there. And yet her judges could confront her in this room with those instruments of torture with which they thought to break her spirit.

Day by day they led her through the streets from the tower to the Archbishop's Palace, and, though the hall is now a courtyard, we can stand where she stood surrounded by her judges. We can look up at the walls which looked down on her, and see the arches of the windows (now built up) through which she would look up at the sky as she begged that she might go back to her sheep, and sit in the fields, and hear the birds sing. We can sit in the gardens in the shade of the lovely church of St Ouen, and picture the scene the workmen of St Ouen looked down on one day from their scaffoldings. It was the last attempt to frighten Joan, and they set up a preacher to preach a long sermon in which he told Joan that unless she recanted she must be burned at once. The good reporter Manchon wrote down in his margin that "at the end of the sentence Joan, fearing the fire, said she would obey the Church"; but within a few hours her courage came back, and the ways of cardinals and executioners were nothing to her.

The Perfect Reply

"Even if I saw the flames before me I would say what I have already told you and do what I have already done," she said, and the good clerk wrote on his margin *Superba responsio*. Now Pierre Cauchon was satisfied. "Farewell," he cried to the English soldiers as he crossed the yard; "be of good cheer, for it is done."

She had hardly a friend in the world in that dark hour, but she must have had a warm place in her heart for Massieu, the soldier who had charge of her and took her through the streets. He would let her pause to kneel as they passed a sacred place, and he showed her many acts of kindness. He met an Englishman in the courtyard who asked him if he thought she would be burned, and the good Massieu said: "Up to this time I have heard nothing from her that was not honourable and good. She seems to me a good woman, but how it will all end God only knows."

How it all ended all of us know. On the morning of the thirtieth of May, 1431, Massieu led her out of the tower for the last time. "My body," she cried out, "my body that has never been defiled, must it be burned today?" They put her on a cart, guarded by eight hundred soldiers. She wept bitterly all the way until they reached the market-place. The streets were crowded with people, most of them in tears, but no voice was raised on Joan's behalf, no hand stretched out to save her. The whole might of England, the base treachery of France, the bitter hatred of the

Church, were all against her, and they put her on the fire and flung her ashes to the Seine.

All the world was wrong about her. The only thing that Shakespeare says of her is false; old Thomas Fuller called her a witch; her judges declared her to be a cruel and lying and hypocritical maid. Only God and Time were on her side, and when 25 years had passed, in the very hall in which she heard her doom, her innocence was proclaimed. A little later, but what is time to those who sit high in the heavens?

Cauchon's Cathedral

The stones of Normandy cry out lest we forget these two great figures, the Conqueror and the Maid, in its story. If we go to Lisieux and saunter in the great cathedral there, in that old nave which is older than Magna Carta, we remember that Pierre Cauchon was bishop in this splendid place, and we delight to find within his very walls a statue of Saint Joan. The whole of France has hardly another town with so many timber houses as Lisieux, and the sight of them seems to take us down the ages. Attractive pictures they make, but who would live in them, even though their street is called the Rue du Paradis?

And if we go to Jumièges, where St Philibert drained the forest swamps and cleared away the rocks and turned a wilderness into a garden twelve hundred years ago, our thoughts come back, in this majestic ruin, to the trial of Joan, for the Abbot of Jumièges was once that Nicolas Le Roux who dared to challenge Pierre Cauchon at Joan's trial, but dared no farther go, and died filled with remorse. There is no more impressive ruin of time now left in France than the walls of the Abbey of Jumièges. Though Philibert was driven out for denouncing cruelty, his work lived after him, so that there were nine hundred monks here at the end of his generation. There are still to be seen some of the stones of the church he built, but the sight that travellers go to Jumièges to see is the wonderful cathedral nave without a roof, the majestic edifice the Conqueror himself must have

loved to look upon, its magnificent columns and its wondrous arches as old as the Conquest, consecrated in the very year that William was welcomed home as Norman duke and English king.

If we go to Boscherville we come upon a marvellous church as white as if it had been finished yesterday, and we learn that it was built by the Chamberlain to the Conqueror.

If we go to Bayeux we find, of course, the famous treasure of that town, a seamless band of linen 230 feet long, with one of the quaintest and most precious pictures in the world, the record of the Conquest in worsted embroidery of many colours, with 72 scenes containing 623 people and 762 animals. It is a long time since the people of Bayeux were covering their army wagons with this marvellous thing, and it is longer still since it was made, most probably by the order of the Conqueror's brother Odo, to decorate his beautiful cathedral of Bayeux.

God's Reinforcements

But always, wherever else we go in Normandy, we come back to Rouen. It has the finest town hall in France. It has the oldest clock in France, still ringing its curfew bell as it probably did on the day when Joan was burned. It has its splendid Church of St Ouen, with the finest interior of any church in Normandy. It has miles of old narrow streets and miles of fine broad boulevards. It has its wonderful cathedral, with 130 windows in its walls, 500 figures on its front, a glorious carved stone staircase, the famous tombs of Louis de Brézé and the Cardinals Amboise, the doors so beautiful that we may hope they caught the eye of Joan as she walked past them on that day.

Two days one traveller remembers in this ancient place. One day they brought here, on his way to his last sleep, some honoured citizen of Rouen; the other day they brought their children all in white, and a lovely sight it was to see a child walking up this great cathedral nave like a little Joan of Arc. The centuries come and go, and we grow old and follow them, but God's reinforcements never fail. They march like Joan, conquerors indeed, unto Eternity.

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

The Sea Wall

JUDY was so intent on the shells she was collecting that she did not notice how quickly the tide was coming in. When at last she looked up she was horrified to see that the little stretch of beach she had left behind her was no longer there! The sea had covered it.

In her fright she cried out.

And at once the face of a little boy looked down at her from the sea wall above her head.

"The tide," she gasped. "I shall be drowned."

"Oh, no," said John (for that was his name). "There are some steps farther on," and he pointed right ahead of her; "just round that point. Run!"

But already the sea was beginning to wash over the point too.

"I daren't," cried Judy.

"You must," urged John. "It's quite shallow there."

But Judy shook her head. "You come down and help me," she begged.

John looked over the wall. It was not really very high, but it was pretty high for a little boy to jump. Suppose he should fall and twist his ankle. What then? Well, he'd have to risk that.

He took a long breath—and jumped. And landed safely on the soft sand. Then he took Judy's hand, and together they ran along to the point. Here, as John had said, the water was shallow. They splashed through, and the next minute they were scrambling up the steps to the safety of the parade.

The Elephant at the Bridge

We have been glad to print many tales of the wisdom of the elephant, and one of our readers sends us this story told to her by an engineer who has seen much of the elephant at work in India.

An engine, weighing about ten tons, was being drawn by an elephant up to a tea factory in the hills of Ceylon. On the way a narrow bridge over a deep ravine had to be crossed, and the engineer consulted the mahout (elephant driver) as to its safety. Would it stand the heavy load? "Don't know," replied the mahout; "we'll ask the elephant."

The engineer laughed, but allowed the elephant to be led up to the bridge, as if to cross it.

Putting one great foot out, the elephant cautiously tested the bridge and then drew back, refusing to cross.

The men strengthened the bridge with a couple of tree-trunks lying near, but after testing it in the same way the elephant still refused to cross, and it was not until eight or nine trunks had been added that the elephant, himself weighing five tons, would venture on the bridge drawing over it his much heavier engine!

MARIE
ELISABETH

**REALLY ARE
SARDINES!**

Delicious with
Green Salad.

THE BRAN TUB

The Dusty Chair

"MARY, that chair is covered with dust."
"It may well be, madam; it's three weeks since anyone sat on it."

How Rembrandt Wrote His Name
REMBRANDT, the supreme Dutch painter and the greatest etcher the world has known, was born at Leyden on July 15, 1607. Genius and industry with him went hand in hand, for he executed 600 paintings and 300 etchings. Yet he was poor and deserted in his old age.

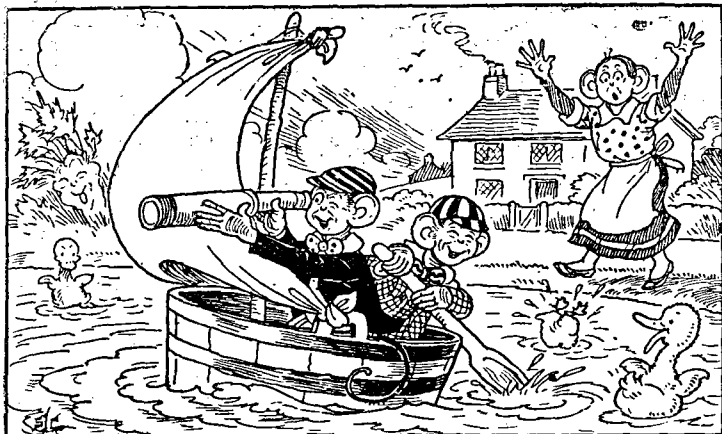
Rembrandt

That Sort of Friend

THE man who hails you Tom or Jack, And proves by thumps upon your back How he esteems your merit, Is such a friend that one has need Be very much his friend indeed, To pardon or to bear it.

William Cowper

Jacko Goes For a Sail



As there will be no seaside for Jacko this year he and Chimp are making the most of the village pond. They fetch Mother Jacko's big wash-tub, fix up a sail, and carry it down to the water. "Hop in!" cries Jacko, and away they go, a stiff breeze carrying them along at a fine pace.

Ici on Parle Français

Mrs John Milton

Milton's third wife was very difficult to live with; but she had such a fair skin and such a fine complexion that a French gentleman, when paying a visit to the author of *Paradise Lost*, said to him: "Mr Milton, your wife has the freshness of the rose."

"That is very possible," replied the poet, sighing, "but I am blind and I feel only the thorns."

Madame John Milton

La troisième femme de Milton avait un caractère difficile; mais sa peau était si belle et son teint si fin qu'un Français faisant une visite à l'auteur du *Paradis Perdu* lui dit:

"Monsieur Milton, votre femme a la fraîcheur d'une rose."

"C'est possible," reprit le poète en soupirant, "mais je suis aveugle et je n'en sens que les épines."

Famous Statesmen in English History
WHAT six famous statesmen in English history bear names which may be described as—

An animal, a colour, a breakfast dish, a deep hole, an ingredient for puddings, and the act of putting into tins?
Answer next week

The Swashbuckler

SAID the Rook to the Brook,
"I can't hear myself sing!
Don't babble like that,
You impertinent thing!"
"I'll kill you, I will,
If you don't make a stop;
It's no idle threat,
I shall kill every drop."

But the Brook paid no heed,
So the Rook had to say:
"I should scorn to fight those
Who keep running away."

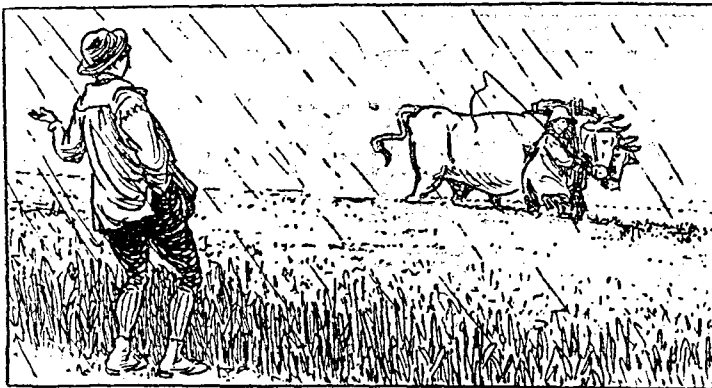
Plants Waiting to Help Us

THERE are more than half a million known species among the higher plants, yet mankind's daily supplies of food, fibre, and timber are drawn from only a hundred of them.

What possibilities may not be hiding in the other 499,900? At any time a discovery in connection with some neglected weed may revolutionise the whole science of agriculture.

The Discreet Sportsman

SAID a hunter who met a fierce Rhino,
"Here's a hide that stops bullets,
as I know.
Shall I then risk a shot?
Most decidedly not!
Shall I stay to be gored? I reply
"No!"



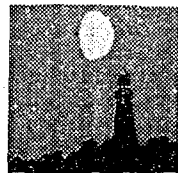
A SHOWER of rain in July when the corn is beginning to fill is worth a plough of oxen and all belonging theretill.

Company

My first denotes a company,
My second shuns a company,
My third calls a company,
My whole amuses a company.
Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east, and Venus is low in the east. In the evening no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, July 14.



The Tortoise Islands

FROM the naturalist's point of view one of the most fascinating spots in the world are the Galapagos Islands, belonging to Ecuador. When they were discovered 400 years ago they were uninhabited, but on them were discovered extraordinary giant tortoises such as are not found on any of the continents. So the Spaniards named them from the word *galapago*, which means tortoise.

Now of the seven known species of giant tortoises all are found only on the Galapagos. Odder still, each of these species is found only on its special island of the group. Most of the bird inhabitants, too, are confined to special islands, many of them being unknown elsewhere, and more than half the flowers are of peculiar varieties. The Galapagos, in fact, are almost a world of their own.

Reading Across. 1 Fruit of the beech. 5 A brave man. 9 A surface, given in square measure. 10 An augury. 11 A snare. 12 A title of address. 13 Early English. 14 Common to a whole race. 17 To go in. 19 One who dwells in a place. 21 Royal Institution. 22 Whether. 23 This prefix means new. 24 Sour to the taste. 26 Industrial district of Germany. 27 To measure. 28 To inspect.

Reading Down. 1 Food miraculously supplied for the Israelites in the wilderness. 2 Same as 9 across. 3 A sofa. 4 Thank you in baby language. 5 Having projections on the head. 6 A printer's measure. 7 A bobbin. 8 A single thing. 12 An idea running through a composition. 15 Within. 16 Scenes of conflict. 18 A tale. 19 A popular cereal. 20 A low tide. 21 A sheep. 25 Pronoun. 26 Compass point.

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. *Answer next week*

In the Sculptor's Studio

"How do you create such beautiful things?"
"Very easily, my dear lady. All you have to do is to take a block of marble and chip off everything you do not want."

Cromwell's Way

IT is said that Cromwell, when writing on important affairs of State, used to dictate three or four contradictory letters to his secretary, and never let the secretary know which of them was to be posted.

The Vague Lady

BE economical by all means, and keep an account of daily expenditure, but try not to be so vague as the famous lady on one page of whose account book were the following entries:

Beggar id.
Evening Paper id.
Gone (I know not where) £49.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

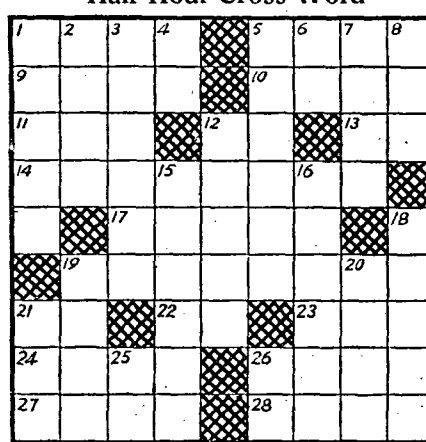
The Heading. Lady's smock, lapwing, ladybird, lichen, lime, long-tailed tit, lizard, larch.

Beholding. Divan
Peter Puck's Fun Fair

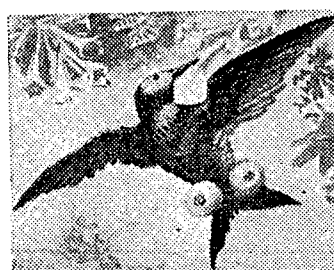
Boat, bridge, bricks, bushes, baby, bonnet, balloon, birds, basket, book, banjo, ball, box, bat, bench, branch, berries, board, battle, banks.

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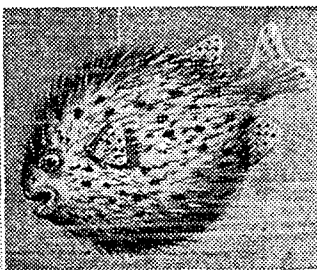
Half-Hour Cross Word



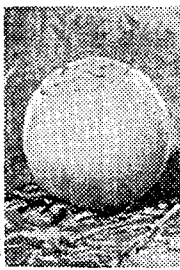
C N NATURE STRIP



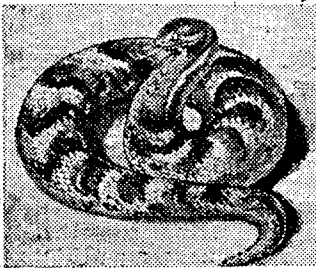
Puff Leg



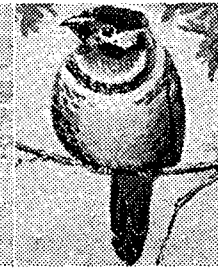
Puff Fish



Puff Ball



Puff Adder



Puff Bird

The puff leg is a humming-bird having white tufts on the legs; the puff fish, or swell fish, is common on the Atlantic coast of the U.S.A.; the puff ball is a fungus; the puff adder is a venomous snake common in South Africa; the puff bird is a South African bird, *Malacoptila fusca*.

FIVE KINDS OF PUFF

GOOD AND BAD

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Are people naturally good or naturally bad? I confess I sometimes want to do things I have been told not to do. Is it because I am naturally bad and have to learn to be good?

Man. You ask me very difficult questions about matters that have puzzled the wisest men, and I am not sure that I have wisdom enough to answer them. Let me give you a broad answer. If you find yourself wanting to do forbidden things, it does not necessarily mean that you are naturally bad. It all depends upon the light you have. *The real badness is to sin against the light.* If you have been told not to do a certain thing and it has been explained to you why it is wrong to do it, and if you understand and appreciate the explanation, you are bad to do the forbidden thing, for you trespass with knowledge that you are doing wrong—you trespass, that is, against the light.

Boy. But can I be sure of seeing the True Light?

Man. While you are young you necessarily have to borrow your light from older people who have lived and suffered and gained knowledge through thought and experience. But every year you should find it easier to find light, and to find joy in it.

Boy. I need not think myself naturally bad, then?

Man. Assuredly not. Far better to consider yourself as naturally good but imperfect, and to guard yourself against your human weakness.

Boy. What is the True Light?

Man. Surely the Golden Rule of being kind. Sometimes it is expressed as "Do to others as you would that they should do to you," but really that is not good enough. The truly kind person is indifferent to what others do to him; he is kind because his generous spirit glows within him and shines as a guiding star; to use one of the loveliest of words, he is *sympathetic*. That goes far beyond any question of honesty or trespass. It is really far more sinful to wound the soul of a human being than to pilfer his goods.

Boy. I can see that to be kind in return for kindness is not such a fine thing as to be kind for kindness' sake, but it must often be very hard to be kind to those who treat us badly.

Man. It is. But I do not think that a really kind person is very often abused, for kindness breeds kindness. The main point, however, is that goodness and kindness are one. And remember that not to hurt the feelings of a fellow creature, and to refrain carefully from wounding self-respect, amounts to positive kindness. On the other hand, to cause humiliation is to degrade the spirit, and perhaps to inflict a wound that can never heal.

Boy. So it is a part of goodness not to hurt!

Man. A very vital part, but the most difficult. So difficult it is that many otherwise fine men have failed in life and remain unhappy because they are callously indifferent to giving pain.

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